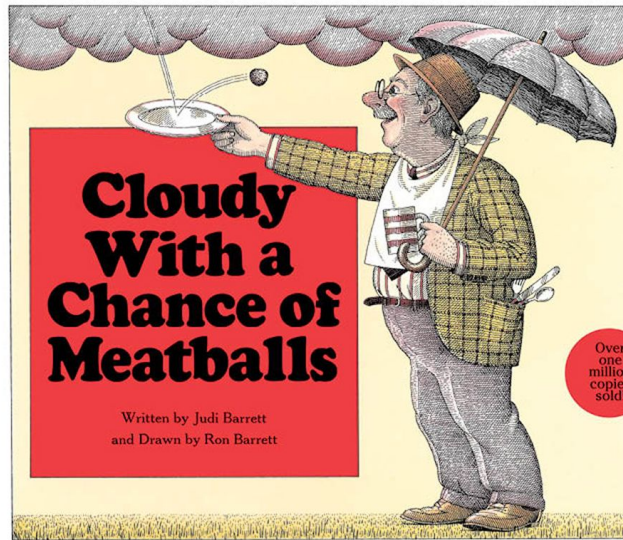
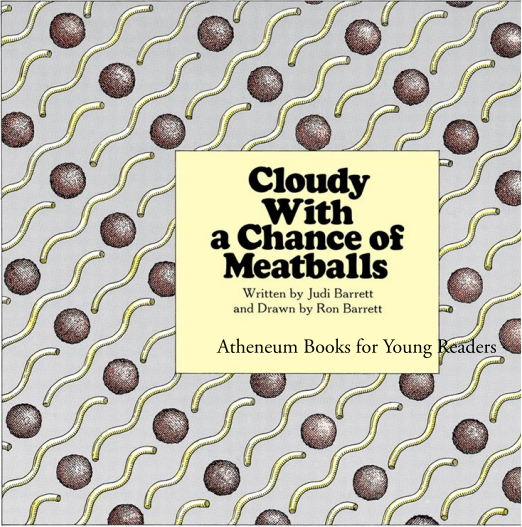
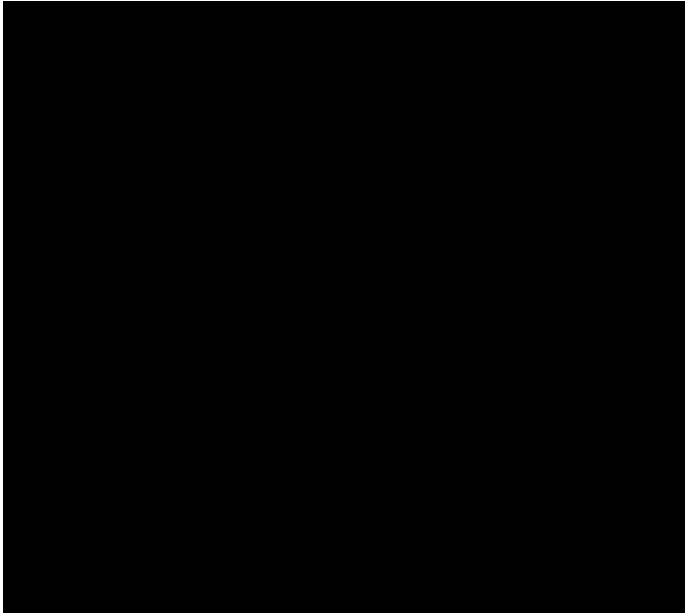


Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs

Written by Judi Barrett
and Drawn by Ron Barrett

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Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Barrett, Judith
Cloudy with a chance of meatballs.

Summary: Life is delicious in the town of Chewandswallow where it rains soup and juice, snows mashed potatoes, and blows storms of hamburgers—until the weather takes a turn for the worse.

[1. Weather—Fiction. 2. Food—Fiction]

I. Barrett, Ron. II. Title.

PZ7.B2752C [E] 78-2945

ISBN 0-689-30647-4 (hc)

ISBN 978-1-4424-4304-4 (eb)

Atheneum Books for Young Readers

An imprint of Simon & Schuster Children's Publishing Division

1230 Avenue of the Americas

New York, New York 10020

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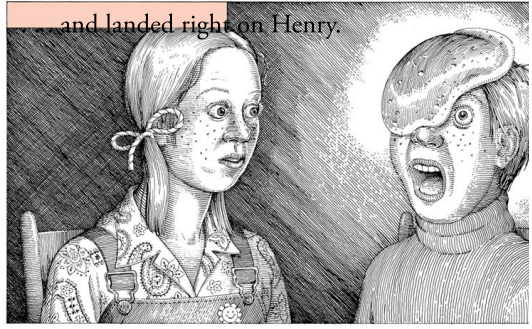
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Seconds later, something flew through the air headed toward the kitchen ceiling.

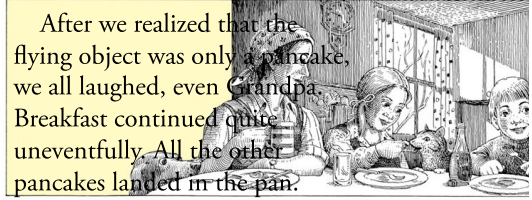


...and landed right on Henry.



After we realized that the flying object was only a pancake, we all laughed, even Grandpa. Breakfast continued quite uneventfully. All the other pancakes landed in the pan.

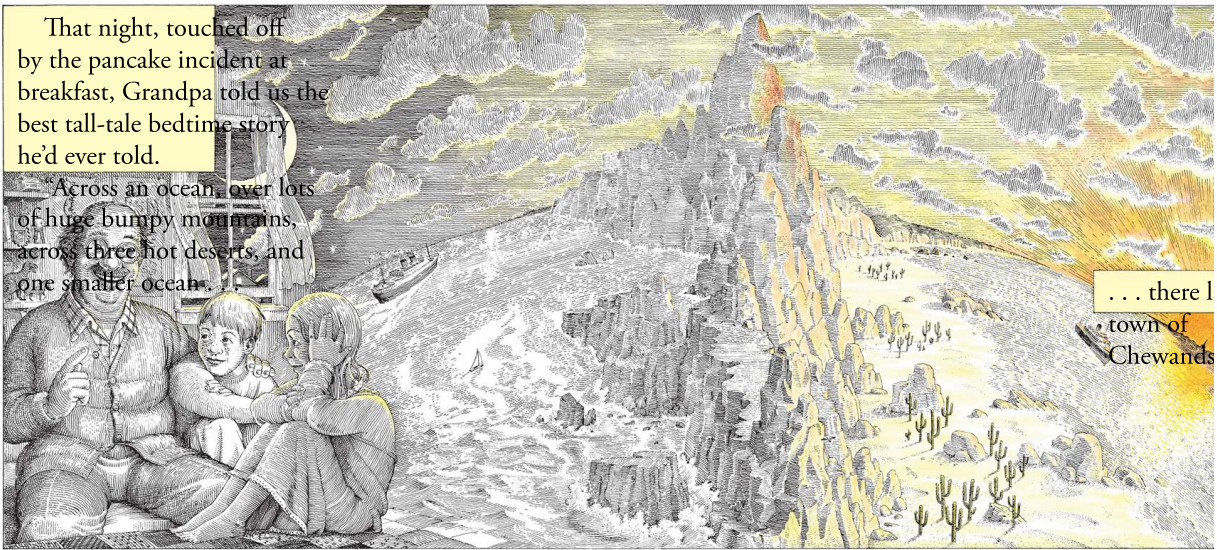
And all of them were eaten, even the one that landed on Henry.

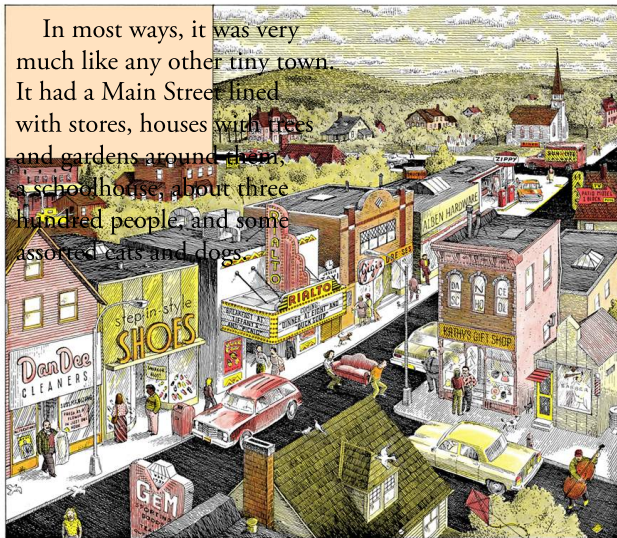


That night, touched off
by the pancake incident at
breakfast, Grandpa told us the
best tall-tale bedtime story
he'd ever told.

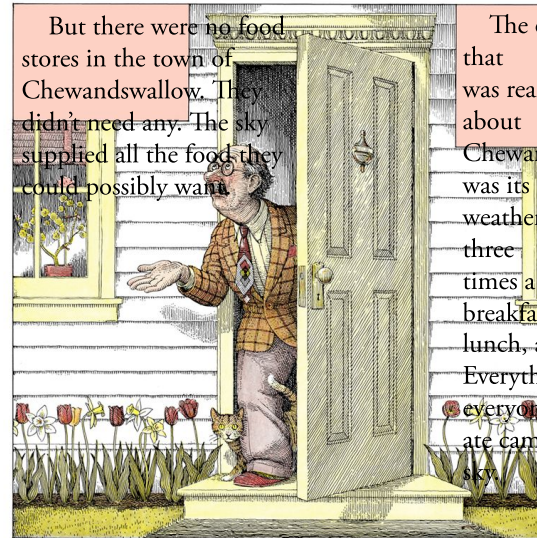
Across an ocean, over lots
of huge bumpy mountains,
across three hot deserts, and
one smaller ocean.

... there l
town of
Chewands





In most ways, it was very much like any other tiny town. It had a Main Street lined with stores, houses with trees and gardens around them, a schoolhouse, about three hundred people, and some assorted cats and dogs.

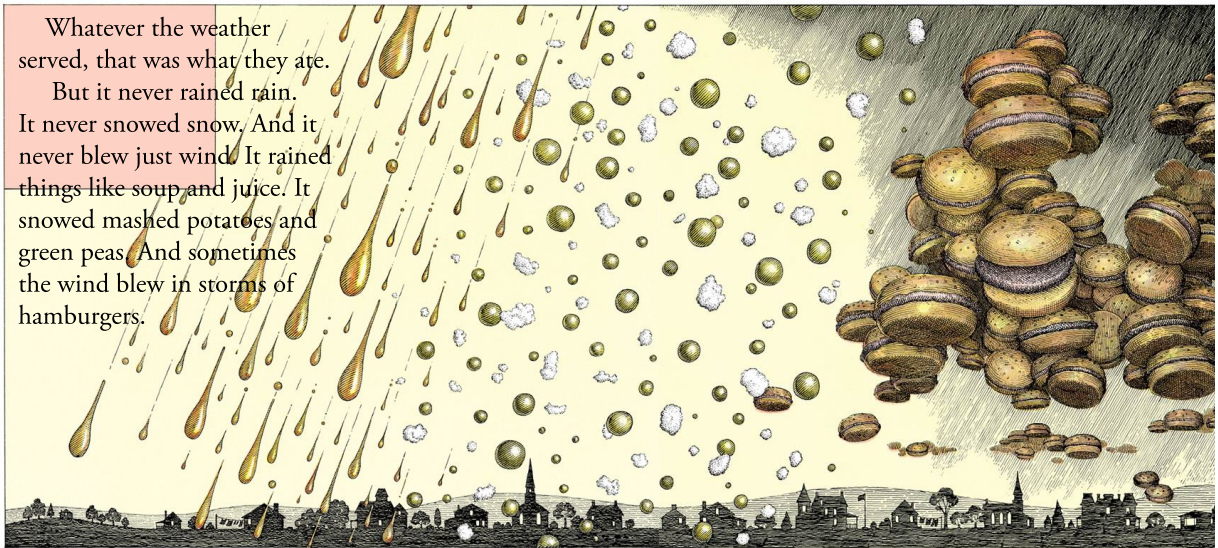


But there were no food stores in the town of Chewandswallow. They didn't need any. The sky supplied all the food they could possibly want.

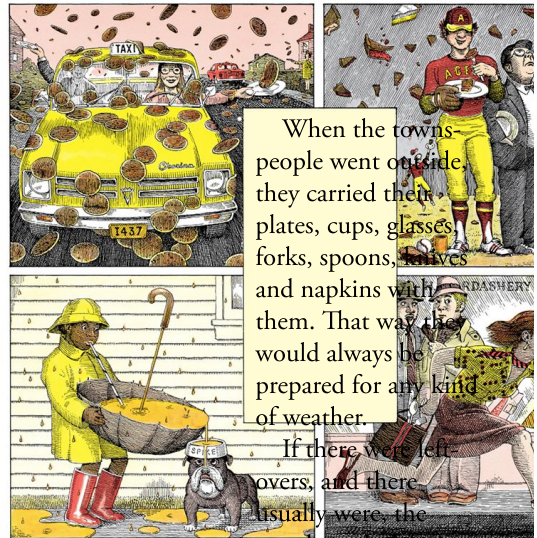
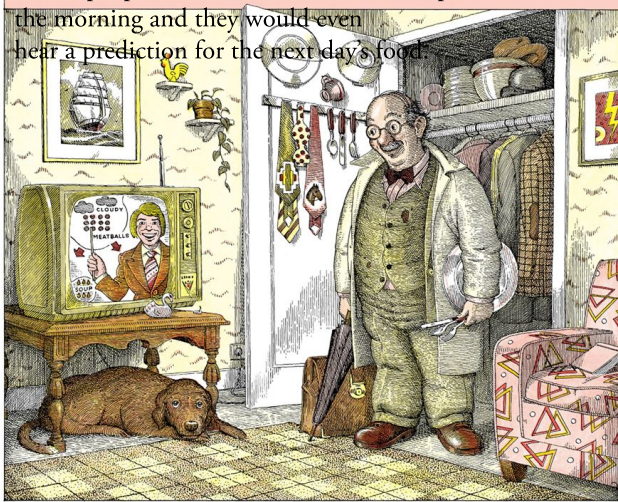
The that was real about Chewa was its weather three times a breakfast lunch. Everything everyone ate came sky.

Whatever the weather
served, that was what they are.

But it never rained rain.
It never snowed snow. And it
never blew just wind. It rained
things like soup and juice. It
snowed mashed potatoes and
green peas. And sometimes
the wind blew in storms of
hamburgers.

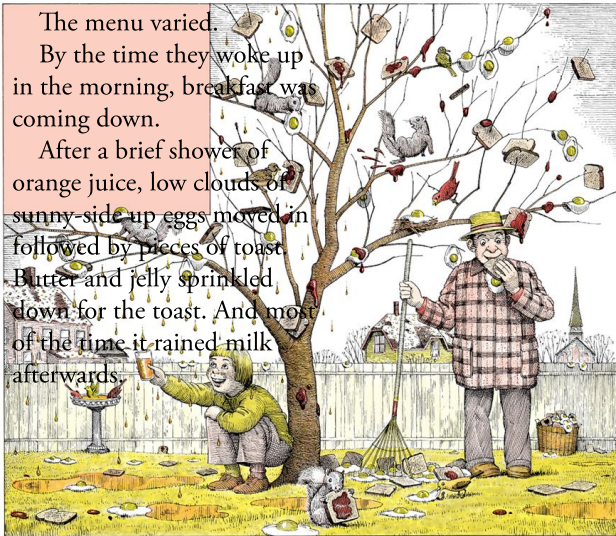


The people could watch the weather report on television in the morning and they would even hear a prediction for the next day's food.



When the townspeople went outside, they carried their plates, cups, glasses, forks, spoons, knives and napkins with them. That way they would always be prepared for any kind of weather.

If there were leftovers, and there usually were, the people took them home and put them in their refrigerators in case they got hungry between meals.

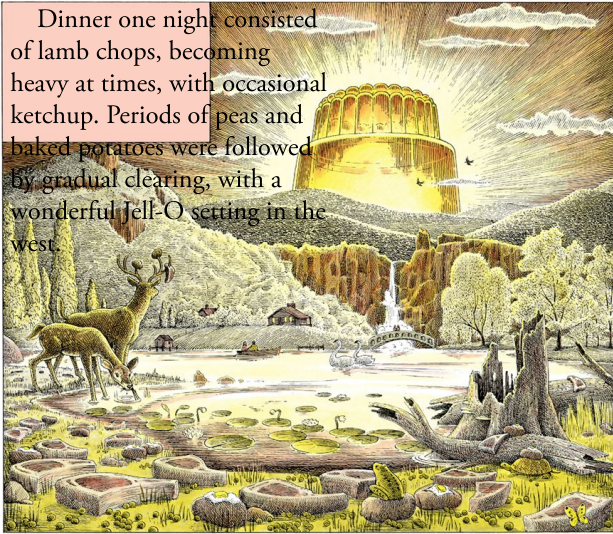


For lunch one day, frankfurters, already in the air, blew in from the northwest at about five miles an hour.

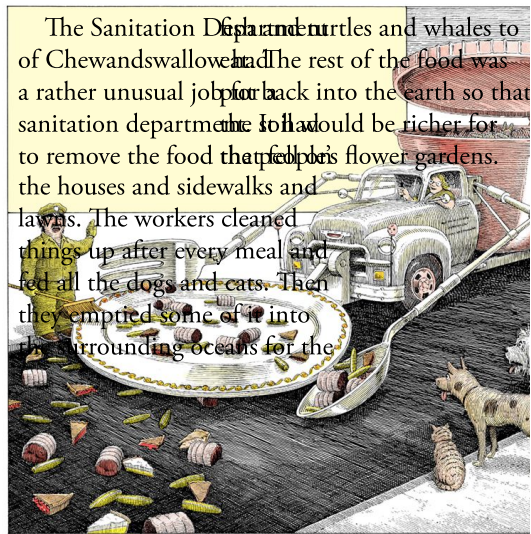
There were mustard clouds nearby. Then the clouds shifted to the east and brought in baked beans.

A drizzle of soda finished off the meal.

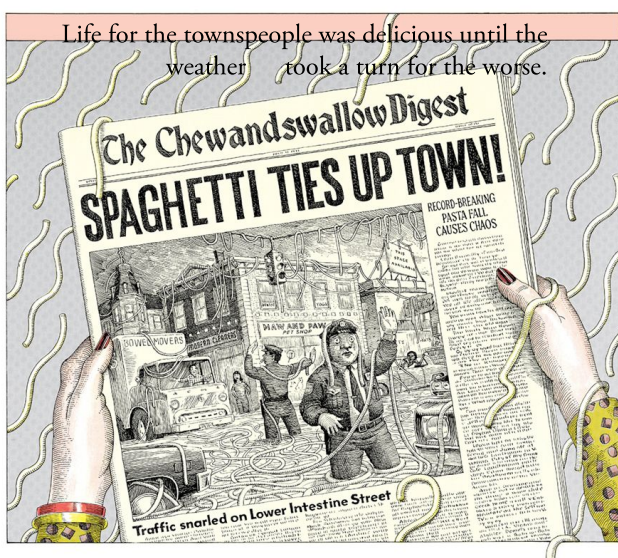
Dinner one night consisted of lamb chops, becoming heavy at times, with occasional ketchup. Periods of peas and baked potatoes were followed by gradual clearing, with a wonderful Jell-O setting in the west.



The Sanitation Department had turtles and whales to of Chewandswallow and the rest of the food was a rather unusual job for back into the earth so that sanitation department the soil would be richer for to remove the food that people's flower gardens. the houses and sidewalks and lawns. The workers cleaned things up after every meal and fed all the dogs and cats. Then they emptied some of it into the surrounding oceans for the



Life for the townspeople was delicious until the weather took a turn for the worse.



One day there was nothing but ~~cheese~~ ^{broccoli} all day long. The ~~ground~~ ^{ground} was covered in broccoli, all overcooked.



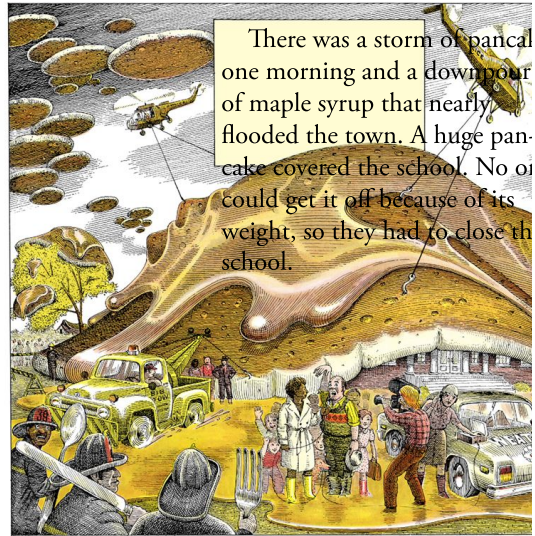
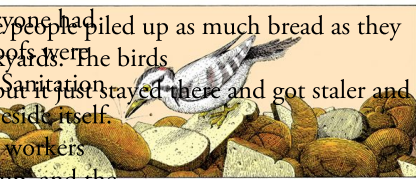
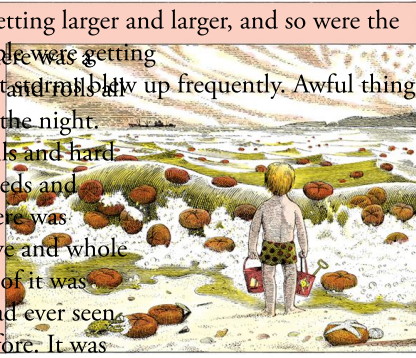
And the next day there were ~~brass~~ ^{brass} all over the place and peanut butter with mayonnaise fog.



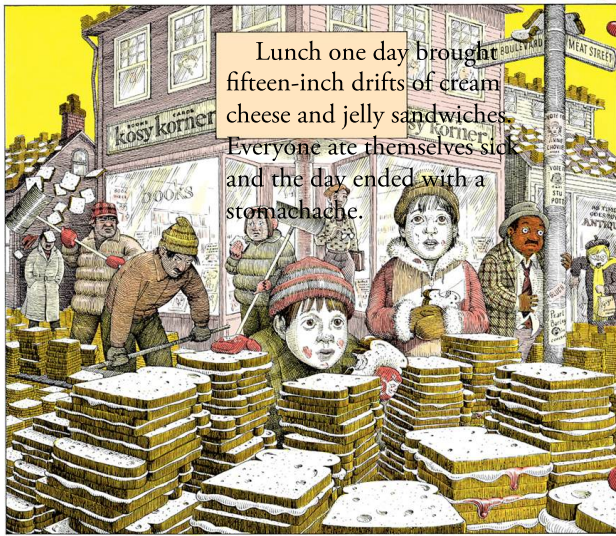
No one could see where they were going and they could barely find the meal that got stuck in the fog.

The food was getting larger and larger, and so were the portions. The people were getting frightened. Violent storms blew up frequently. Awful things were happening to the night. There were soft rolls and hard rolls, some with seeds and some without. There was white bread and rye and whole wheat toast. Most of it was larger than they had ever seen bread and rolls before. It was

a terrible day. Everyone had to help out, the people piled up as much bread as they could in their backyards. The birds were damaged, and the Sanitation Department was beside itself. The mess took the workers four days to clean up, and the sea was full of floating rolls.



There was a storm of pancake one morning and a downpour of maple syrup that nearly flooded the town. A huge pancake covered the school. No one could get it off because of its weight, so they had to close the school.



Lunch one day brought fifteen-inch drifts of cream cheese and jelly sandwiches. Everyone ate themselves sick and the day ended with a stomachache.



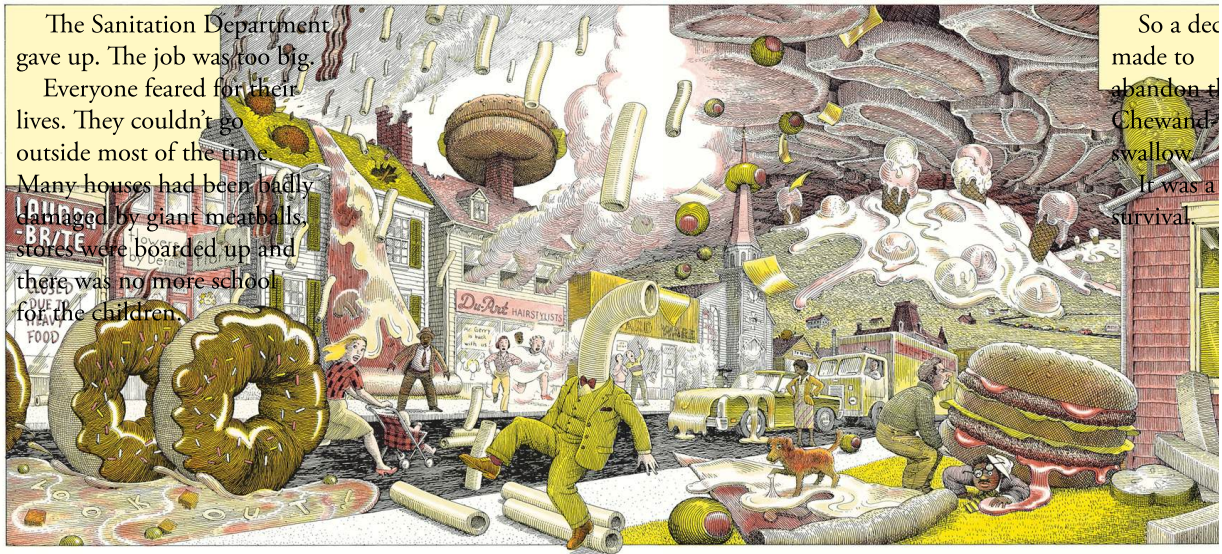
There was a and pepper wind accompanied by an even worse tornado. People sneezing themselves sick running to avoid the town

town was a mess. The seeds and pulp ever

The Sanitation Department gave up. The job was too big.

Everyone feared for their lives. They couldn't go outside most of the time.

Many houses had been badly damaged by giant meatballs. stores were boarded up and there was no more school for the children.



So a decision was made to abandon the city.

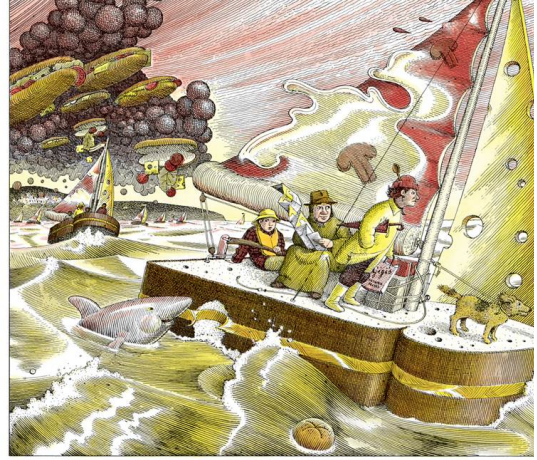
Chew and Swallow.

It was a survival.

The people glued together the giant pieces of stale bread sandwich-style with peanut butter . . .



. . . took the absolute necessities with them, and sail on their rafts for a new . . . lar



After being afloat for a week, they finally reached a small coastal town, which welcomed them. The bread had held up surprisingly well, well enough for them to build temporary houses for themselves out of it.



The children began to shop again, and the adults began to find places for themselves in the new land. The children had to change they had to wake getting used to buying food at a supermarket. They found it odd that the food was coming from the sky except snow. The clouds above their heads were not made of eggs. No one even by a

hamburger

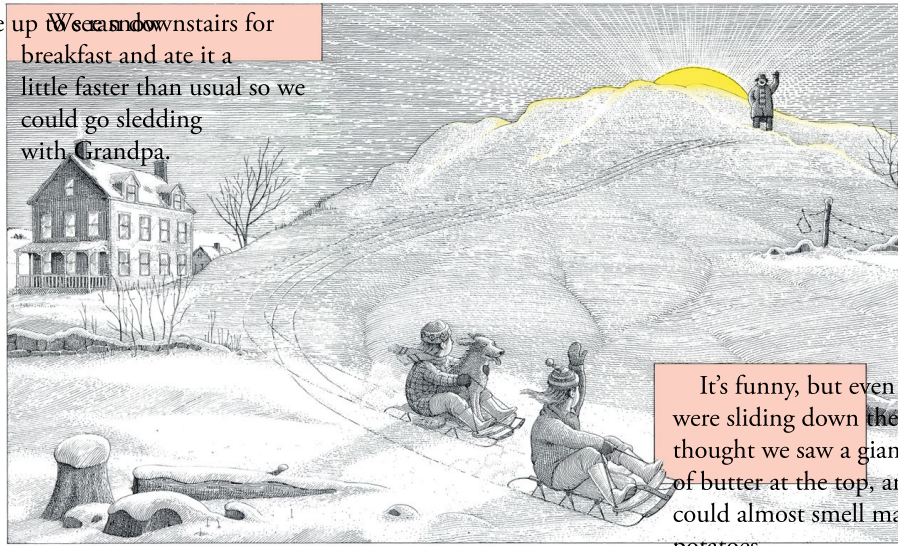
And no to go back to Chewands find out what happened it. They were afraid."

Henry : awake until the very Grandpa's story. I remember good-night kiss.

The next morning we woke up to snow falling outside our window.



We ran downstairs for breakfast and ate it a little faster than usual so we could go sledding with Grandpa.



It's funny, but even when we were sliding down the hill, we thought we saw a giant pile of butter at the top, and we could almost smell mashed potatoes.

